

## Arizona Weekly Enterprise

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FLORENCE, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1902

FOR DELEGATE TO CONGRESS,  
HON. GRANVILLE H. OURY,  
OF FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY.

England has refused Turkish vessels permission to disembark at either Alexandria, Port Said or Suez.

A cave in the Idaho mine, Grass Valley, Idaho, on the 25th, killed one man and fatally wounded several others.

The washouts between Tucson and Yuma, during the three weeks just past have cost the railroad company nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

It was very thoughtful of the republicans to select their congressional candidate from the banks of Salt River. He will not have far to go to take the boat in November.

The English have driven the Egyptians from several of their fortifications and taken possession. Several of Arabia's staff officers have deserted and reported to the Khedive.

The town of Ben Fickling, Texas, was almost totally destroyed by floods on the 25th, and forty lives were lost. Several other towns were seriously damaged by same inundation.

Two thousand Egyptians whipped twenty thousand Egyptians last week, capturing six oxen, twenty car loads of provisions and only lost six men. This doesn't speak very well for Egyptian courage and military skill.

The Phoenix Herald was so astonished at seeing respectable and intelligent delegates at the republican convention that it went into ecstasies and made announcement of the fact in a double pipe display head three inches deep.

"Honest" John Sherman has joined the temperance movement in Ohio. He is looking for a new crop to place under his toppling presidential bonnet, having "lost his grip" on the U. S. treasury. Drowning men catch at a straw.

Mr. N. A. Morford, recently from California, has bought a half interest in the Phoenix Herald, and it is now owned by Morford. The new editor gives evidence of ability, and, barring his opposition to Delegate Oury, we wish him success in his new undertaking.

Jay H. Henshaw, after collecting another three percent assessment, levied on the salaries of government employees, sends out the cheering news that he has secured money enough to carry all doubtful districts. He will have to drop a goodly number of shekels into Porter's sack to make his declaration good.

Have Porter and Davis kissed and made up? If memory serves us right things were not altogether lovely between them a few moons ago. Davis had the legislature transfer Molave from the second district to the third judicial district in order to relieve his constituents of the obnoxious presence of the Judge.

BOB HENSON, the well known and somewhat notorious head of the custom house ring in Chicago, under Grant's administration, was killed on the Rancho Gabilan, Sonora, by his servant, on the 20th inst. He was engaged in mining business there and was on the way to his mine with \$2,000 in his pocket, when killed.

A RING of about one hundred Indians raided the Santa Cruz Valley, Monday, and killed a man, a woman and a child. Troops from Huachuca have gone to the scene of the outrage. The hostiles are supposed to be a portion of Juh's renegades returning from Sonora to enjoy a season of the government's hospitality at San Carlos.

San Devil was, at one time, a very promising youth but he took to strong drink and steered straight from one bottle to another, leaving a record of blows and cuffs behind him, and that is just what.

After all, Trillo had more sagacity than we gave him credit for. He would not destroy his chances for a future senatorship by giving the voters a chance to bury him under everlasting defeat at the end of the present campaign. He knew the memory of the cow-boy proclamation and the fraudulent appointment would be too fresh in the memory of the people on voting day. It is a very dark night when Trillo can not see some distance ahead of him.

The Sioux Chiefs, to the number of fifty-six, have addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior charging agent McGillicuddy, of the Pine Ridge Agency, with all sorts of trickery and dishonesty, and give the government sixty days to investigate the charges and remove the agent. The Chiefs further declare, in this letter, that if their request shall not have been complied with at the expiration of sixty days they will assert the obvious right out of their country. This, they say, is their third and last appeal for relief from the robber agent. McGillicuddy is another of those pious frauds who never miss a chance to prey on an opportunity to steal.

It looks as if some democrat, in disguise, had slipped into the late Phoenix convention and formulated the platform. It could not have been written by any man in full sympathy with the national republican party, for it is directly opposed to the policy and measures of that party. For instance: It demands a free and unlimited coinage of silver, while the national republican party has ever been and still is the open avowed enemy of silver as a currency. It denominated silver and when the democrats gained control of congress and proposed to renege the "dollars of our fathers," the republican minority, as a unit, fought the bill with the desperation of fanatics, and Mr. Garfield, in a bitter speech against the measure said "the renegeation of silver would be a brand on so grand a scale as to make the achievement illustrious." He was the leader of his party in the house and spoke the sentiments of the party as a whole. Again, the democratic measure, making the silver dollar a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and providing for a free and unlimited coinage of silver were stubbornly and solidly opposed by the republican minority. Next, the Phoenix platform declares that there must be no special legislation in favor of railroads, and that they must be granted no more rights and privileges than private individuals, while the national republican party has made them special beneficiaries of the government; has voted them over two hundred million acres of the best land in the public domain and given them nearly a billion dollars of the people's money. Again, the Phoenix platform denounces our Indian policy and demands a reform of it, while the national republican party created, maintained and still sustains that pernicious policy against the combined wishes and interests of the great West. Next, the Phoenix platform declares against "Chinese immigration and importation in every form," while the national republican party in congress has persistently opposed every measure calculated to afford us relief from that crowning evil. First, the fifteen passenger bill, passed entirely by the democrats, was vetoed by a fraudulent republican president, and second, the twenty year bill, passed by the democrats, assisted by six western republicans, from states so strongly anti-Chinese that their representatives dared not vote against the bill, was vetoed by a republican accidental president. We repeat, some democrat masquerading as a republican must have written that Phoenix platform. It is better democratic doctrine than is found in the Territorial democratic platform.

After lecturing the Star on its real or fancied desire to introduce terrorism in Arizona politics, the Citizen turns round and swings the party left with even more vigor than did its contemporary. It tells intelligent republicans that they must accept, as a true representative of the republic, a man who is a convention any sea fit to nominate, "irrespective of his private character and associations." In other words, that in order to be good republicans, they must bow in humble and unquestioned submission to the will of the party convention, even though it should select candidates whose private characters are odious and public records damning, must surrender individual independence and permit a handful of men to think and act for them; must be governed instead of governing. Or, to put it plainer, must be slaves in the service of the party and obedient to the commands of the masters. We cannot believe our contemporary is in earnest in its advocacy of a doctrine so monstrous and so repugnant to every sense of decency and every sentiment of American manhood. If it is, we beg leave to inform it that this time has gone by when intelligent voters, either democrat or republican, can be driven into party corral, by political vagaries, like so many cattle. There is an independence in American character that revolts against such treatment.

MURAT MASTERS, the amateur who steals editorials for the Prescott Democrat and enjoys the distinction of being the most stupid and stupidest ass that ever burlesqued journalism, calls us hard names because we are fit to denounce that legislative appointment as a fraud of the first magnitude. Then he goes on to say: "No one can take the law and the census returns and make a fairer appointment than the one recently made by the Secretary, and among all the papers of the Territory, the ENTERPRISE is the only one to find fault with it." Bohatements contained in the paragraph, quoted are false.

In the first place, by the census returns Apache county has 408 more people than Maricopa and yet the latter is given a larger representation in the legislature and the same is true in several other counties. In a second place, every respectable newspaper, outside of Yavapai, has characterized the appointment as a fraud, and is calling on the people to test its legality in the courts. The trouble with Masters is, he doesn't know as much as half of the men who are staring into vacancy from the back windows of lunatic asylums. His friends would induce him to sit still and look wise and thus prevent strangers from discovering his idiocy.

The atmosphere of this section was veiled with the odors of republican profanity, shortly after the news of Porter's nomination came. Our republican friends had confidently expected something better from their convention and did not take the result good naturedly. Many of them declared, openly, that they would not vote for him, and they are men who keep their word. We believe it is no exaggeration to say that half the republican vote of the county will go against Porter. He is well known here and is the last man our people would be willing to trust as their representative in Washington. There is nothing in either his private or public life to commend him to their confidence. The simple fact that he is republican and the nominee of a republican convention will have no weight with them. They are not partisan enough to blindly follow where their party may lead or to be whipped into the ranks by the party hack.

WE HAVE been informed, by gentlemen who have enjoyed a long acquaintance, in Colorado, with Mr. Wilcox, the new San Carlos agent, that he is a man of fine parts. He is a man of great determination and decided opinions and will permit no obstacle to turn him from the accomplishment of an act he believes to be right. Through all his long official career in Colorado, there has not been a murmur against his integrity and he is universally popular there. To these chief requirements he adds a perfect knowledge of Indian character, having been a frontiersman for years. Under his management a new order of things will be instituted at San Carlos, and the refractory Apaches will be made to know and keep their places. If the reservation is not to be abolished and the Apaches exterminated, no better man could be placed in charge of them.

The Florence ENTERPRISE does the governor gross injustice in accusing him of having made a false apportionment. He merely present when the apportionment was made. — *Continued.* Well, if we accused him wrongfully it was on information furnished by Prescott papers. We read in them, that "Secretary Van Arman assisted by Gov. Trillo," had made the apportionment. As to the fairness of the apportionment, we must respectfully but firmly differ with you. A blind man could hardly have made a more unequal one. Instead of pairing the weak counties on float councilmen, it gives them over to the strong and in one instance goes as far as to give a county with a population of 6,408 one more vote than it does a county with 6,816 population. By what rule of logic do you figure that out as a fair apportionment?

The citizens of Tucson gave Delegate Oury a very flattering reception, at the Palace Hotel, last week. A reception committee, composed of men of both parties, met him at the depot and escorted him to the hotel amidst cheers and music. At the latter place he was warmly greeted by a waiting multitude, and in response to their loud calls for a speech, made a few pleasant remarks, of a non-political nature. Mr. Oury will find a similar welcome at every town in the Territory, for the slanders of his political enemies have not shaken the people's faith in his manhood and ability nor blinded them to the service he has rendered the Territory in times past and present.

A special to the Star, dated August 29, says: "A band of unknown Apaches raided the valley early this morning, and it is reported have killed quite a number of men, women and children, amounting to twenty in all. They have taken in all the ranches from Calabazas to the line, and the people are crowding into Calabazas for safety. Juh's band crossed the line into Arizona, and it is believed that it is him who is raiding the settlements."

The Citizen says that a "very insignificant element in the republican party is not enthusiastic over the nomination of Judge Porter." Our neighbor will discover in November that it has underrated the strength of that dissatisfied element. In this county it is by no means an "insignificant element," but represents the intelligence and respectability of the party.

Below we publish the written confessions of Grimes and Hawley, the murderers of Dr. Vail and Andy Hall. We gave the substance of these confessions last week, but as many of our readers would like to read them in full, we give them space:

CONFESSON OF L. V. GRIMES.

When my brother and I were at Hawley's house, we talked about putting up a bridge at the lower end of town. Hawley said something about an Indian racket that he might get the stage and lay it to the Indians. Brother spoke up and said, "I think that would be easy to do; no one would be suspicious." And we three, my brother, Hawley and myself agreed to do it. I and Hawley were to do the work, and my brother was to go up and help open the box if he could, and see if there was anything in it. He was the first to come ahead of the mail, but I understood it to be settled that he was to come behind with the mail. He came down Sunday about 10 o'clock and said the men were coming, and the box was heavy and the messenger was along with it. He then went along into Globe. Hawley and I were to divide the money as soon as we could get away from the trail, and I was to take my part and my brother's, and Hawley was to take one-third. In case they were well armed, my brother was to give a sign, but when he came along we said they were not armed, that they had a gun, but no cartridges, that they seemed that the gun would not work. On Sunday morning Hawley and I started from Globe about four o'clock, following the road to the milk ranch; then we took up a right-hand fork to water, turned right and went to the Pioneer trail; followed the trail to where we stopped about 300 or 400 yards, took up our positions on the trail. I was nearest the road when the mail got down to the foot of the ridge, where he told us to shoot, and where he would shoot at the same time. We commenced to shoot at the mail. Hall rode up the trail and appeared to be trying to see who it was. Hall stood up ridge of the hill, looking for a chance to pass through, when I fired at the mail with the pack on. He followed to Porter. "Frank, I'll stay with you, old boy, don't run. When we saw you shoot, he says, 'there is more than one and we had better get out of this.' He dismounted and went back over the hill. Hawley had emptied about sixteen shots from an old six Henry gun. When they got out at night I shot at random down the canyon. Then I went down to where the mail was, but the box had stopped and found it standing there. I cut the ropes with a hatchet. I had taken the hatchet and a prospect pick up and hid them there the day before for this purpose. I broke the box open with the hatchet, took out some papers and threw them away. I then took out the money and a watch and put them into a pair of canvas and struck out across the canyon with them. I told him to come on. He followed and I told him to come back and take in the mail. I told him to go on and to come to me. He came to me and we both struck over the hill. He was mad because I did not take in the mail. Said he was there to protect me, and we might get several thousand dollars out of the registered mail. We travelled about a mile and Vail overtook us, and stated he was shot at and he thought by white men, and said he thought by Linney Lewis. Then I told him he had better run on into town. He said he did not want to go in alone for it might be Indians. He

dismounted soon and walked across a ridge going down the canyon. Then Hawley and Vail went fast I could not keep up with them. Vail mounted and started on with them. I struck the bottom of the hill. He started on a little knoll. I took Hawley by this time, and Hawley threw a cartridge into the air and said "we will have to kill him." Hawley shot twice and I shot once. Then we went away and left Vail, traveling up the canyon. We stopped to rest, when Hall came up we recognized him as a messenger. He said he had been shot at by the Indians. When he first saw us he dropped behind some beer grass and then said, "you are white men, I thought you were Indians. Let's get into Globe." We said, "we are going in soon." We all got up and started together. I don't think Hall was ever behind both of us at any one time. He carried his pistol in his hand most of the time. He said he was wounded in the thigh, but not badly. He had a small bullet in his hand which he said was from his wound. I can't tell whether he suspected us or not. We traveled together. I was ahead most of the time. About a mile and three-quarters we stopped to look over the ridge and decided which way we would go. I stood a little in advance of Hall, and at this point Hawley shot Hall in the back. I think the first shot was a dead shot. Hall ran about ten steps and turned to ward me and fell on his knees. He fired four or five shots. I then walked away and shot at him. Hawley kept shooting. I don't know whether he killed him or not. We started to go off and I saw two boys in the canyon. I recognized Eugene Middleton, but did not recognize the other. About 300 yards from there we sat down to divide the money. We poured it out on the ground and I had counted some thing over \$1,000. I was taking it up and putting it into canvas bags. The rest of the money was there on the ground. I was to see if Middleton and the other man were coming up. I saw them coming, trailing up and told Hawley to get the money and come on, as we had not time to finish counting it. He said we had better divide and part as soon as possible. He said "there's my money. I don't want to know what you do with it." I said that I wouldn't go back and count it for it; as men are coming, we will make this our right money. We parted then. I don't know, but I took my part or not, I don't know, but I kept my eye on him until he was out of sight. I was afraid he would shoot me. I got to town about half past three and don't know where Hawley got in until nine o'clock. I saw a man pass my brother's house about that time. I thought he came to see whether I had got in all right. That's the first time I saw him since I got to town. I recognized the man as Hawley to be the man referred to as Hawley in my statement.

L. V. GRIMES.

HAWLEY'S CONFESSON.

The first time I met him was at C. Grimes on Friday, he stating it would be an Indian scare and I would give no answer until afternoon. Then it was understood it would be tried, and if it did not succeed, he would shoot them off. I would pass for an Indian scare. We were to kill any man or to shoot at them. They had a few days previous located a proper place and signal posts and left their tools. I was to take the upper signal post and young Grimes was to take the lower place and do the main fighting and take the treasure, and I should do the watching as I was informed by them both that young Grimes had had experience in this business line in Northern Arizona. They stated that they had made the attempt a few days previous and backed out. It was arranged that Cleve Grimes would accompany the mail down. If he thought fit to shoot the mail, he would help make the scare, but he came down in advance and had a talk with his brother. He passed on and told him that there was a good reason. It was understood that the mail was to be shot at, but not to shoot at the mail, but to shoot at the men, but the messenger attempted to drive the mail down and had a gun in his hand. Grimes shot at him and he came back and the mail carrier ran back. After that we went on and the mail that had the treasure, and Grimes came down and broke open the box and started towards Globe. I followed. We went over two ridges, down a ravine, nearly to Brown's when Vail rode up close behind us and stated Indians had shot at him. We accompanied him over the divide. He undertook to leave us by getting on his horse and starting, we both went on, but he kept us both, and had become convinced that Grimes carried the treasure, as he had watched him closely before he left. I fired the second shot, when we started up the right-hand gulch. I became very tired and we had in some darkening and saw the messenger coming over, a little south of us. He came down to the gulch and got a drink. He happened to pass near us and Grimes fired a shot at him when he was in forty feet of us. He quickly wheeled with revolver in hand and said, "Hello! you are white men. I thought there were more Indians here." Grimes said, "We thought you were an Indian." He turned around and shot at where we had been shot in the thigh, but he had been shot in the thigh, and he threw him behind us. So we went together, he thinking we were all right. He saw Grimes loaded down, and noticed him particularly as he was going down. He wanted us to go each side of him some distance and not behind him. When we got to the place where he was killed we were resting. He got up to look over the country around on the ridge and we both shot him. He whirled around and fired several shots at Grimes and we shot several times more. The last shot Grimes walked up to within a few feet of him, and shot him in the head. He was lying down. We were a quarter of a mile away. The money and then separated. I went to hide mine and he said he was going off to hide his, and we would both go to Globe. I rested two hours, went up on the ridge and saw a team coming. I ran back down into the gulch and remained until dark and then came into Globe. C. Grimes said the telephone wire could be cut, but we made no such arrangement and I know nothing of its being done. If I must be executed, I want to be shot instead of being hung, as the crime was shooting. If there were eight shots in Hall, put eight into me and make sure work.

HAWLEY.

Tranquility.—It is expected that connection will be made between the main and whip shafts this week. The east dill on the 115 level is being pushed vigorously forward, and a fine body of high grade gold ore discovered. It is expected that the crescent on the 300 will get the ledge in a few days. Thirty tons of good ore are hoisted daily through the whip shaft, and shipped to the Girard mill, on which ton stamps are continually at work. — *Mollie.*—A drift has been started east from the 50 level, on a very promising vein of ore. The ledge is being pushed with development and increasing in value. Mine looking very good. — *Ingersoll.*—The incline is now securely timbered, and development work in the mine is continued. The usual quantity of ore is extracted, and everything looks promising to the extreme. Some of the

principal directors are expected to visit the works in a few days, and it is thought that steam hoisting works will follow. The mine is in excellent condition, and was never more promising. — *Engle.*—The shaft is now down 85 feet in good vein matter. A few days ago the quality of the ore changed, and the bottom is at present very promising. The vein is from three to four feet wide and opens out at it decends. — *Contact.*—Work was temporarily stopped on the Contact last Friday, as the proprietors, Clark & King, have gone to the Sonora border to examine some mining property. They will return in a few days and work will be resumed. At last accounts the mine was looking well. — *Mozambique.*—Work was commenced on this promising claim, located but a few hundred yards east of the Randolph a few days ago. Two shafts are in progress. No. 1 down twenty-five feet and No. 2 twenty feet. Both shafts are on a good ledge, three feet and a half wide, between well defined walls. The ore resembles that extracted from its neighbor the Randolph, and promises, when fully developed, to equal that famous bonanza. This claim is owned by J. B. Dittick and A. H. Bayliss. Growing more extensive, and there is not much being struck in making in this mine. Winze No. 1 is progressing rapidly, and seems to be in the neighborhood of an extensive mountain of ore. In winze No. 2 the ore body remains about the same, except the matter is of a finer quality. Winze No. 3 and 4 are still in good ore, and making good headway. The ore shipped to the mill is down daily from the mine and the dump is still intact. The northeast drift from No. 4 winze is improving in quality of ore. The mine is in excellent condition. Shipping from twelve to fifteen tons daily to the mill. — *Franklin.*—The crosscut from the 100-foot level are now in a little over 100 feet both ways. Looking very fine. Several strata of rich ore were encountered, but nothing extensive enough to warrant following. — *Guelph Con.*—Still sinking in a very promising vein. At 24 feet from surface vein took a sudden dip. An incline shaft has been started on the ledge. The vein from five to six feet wide and no indication of walls. Prospects very promising, and good progress making in work. — *Blue Jacket.*—Shaft No. 2 down thirty-two feet, still in a body of very rich ore carrying large quantities of horn silver. Shaft No. 3 down seventy-five feet, sinking in a six foot vein of low grade ore. Ledge stripped on surface for several hundred feet, tunnel started 500 feet down hill, driven on ledge; now in twenty-five feet, with a very promising breast of mineral. Tunnel supposed to tap shaft No. 2 at 75 feet from surface. Mine very promising and several tons of horn silver bearing rock on the dump. — *Fair Villa.*—South drift on the 100 foot level is 12 feet in length in hard blasting rock. Material beginning to show mineral, giving fair assays. — *Nothing of importance encountered during the week. Everything working in a satisfactory manner.* — *Head Center.*—Stopping is continued on the first level, and the ore body is holding out well. About thirty tons of ore is being hoisted daily and shipped to the mill on the river. The stenna hoisting works will be ready for business in a few days, and then stopping will be commenced between the second and third levels. The mill being run at its fullest capacity, and the ore is working well. There is plenty of ore in sight and the mine is in fine condition. — *Grand Central.*—Nothing has been struck as yet in the lower levels, but all the indications point to ore body in the immediate vicinity of the crosscuts. The ground is not so hard as formerly and better progress is being made. The stopes throughout the mine are looking good, and the quantity of ore is being shipped. — *Epitaph.*

Fickle Fashion.

In cutting up an oak tree in Maine says the Milwaukee Star, a lock of red hair was found so far inside the tree that it is estimated the hair was put in the tree 240 years ago. It was probably cut off and put in there by a sensitive girl when red hair was out of style, and a red-haired girl was laughed at and ridiculed and a quarrelsome chain of her head covering. We are not 240 years old, but can remember when a red-headed girl was a burden to herself, because her hair gave her away. A young man had to have a good deal of independence who would escort a red-haired girl anywhere, and the girls invariably became old maids. It would have been a pity to those girls if they could have lived about these days, when a girl with beautiful red hair is considered about the sweetest flower in nature's garden. Now that we remember it, the red-haired girls always were good-looking and quarrelsome and chain lightning, and it is a confounded shame they didn't come into style years ago. They are not cutting off their hair and burying it nowadays.

Mr. Reuben Jackson's house in London, England, is one whose details display aesthetic originality. He has a bath room built like an arbor that spouts water on every side at the touch of a button. The house is built on the roof. The stable is built on the upper, and eighteen or twenty horses are quartered there.

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